Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan ſhall be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What ſayſt thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my love) my horſe.

La. Our you mad-headed ape, a weezel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In fayth i le know your buſines, *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his title, and hath ſent for you to line his enterprize, but if you goe.

Hot. So far a foot, I ſhall be weary, love.

La. Come, come, you Parraquito, anſwer me directly unto this queſtion that I ſhall aske: in fayth i'le breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot Away, away, you trifler, love; I love thee not;
I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt have bloody noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me my horſe.
What ſaiſt thou *Kate*, what wouldſt thou have with me?

La. Doe you not love me? doe you not indeede?
Well, doe not then, for ſince you love me not,
I will not love my ſelfe. Doe you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeake in jeſt, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe-backe, I will ſweare,
I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me
Whither I goe, nor reaſon whereabout:
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave you, gentle *Kate*,
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman and for ſecrecy,
Nay Lady cloſer, for I will beleeve,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know:
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

La.

La. How, ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you goe too:
To day will I ſet forward; to morrow you:
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It muſt of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince, and Poynes.

Pri. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poy. Where haſt beene, *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongſt three or foure-ſcore Hogs-heads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of Humility. Sirra, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of Drawers, and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*; they take it already upon their ſalvation, that though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courteſie*, and tell me flatly I am not proud *Iacke* like *Falſtaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the Lord ſo they call me) and when I am King of *England*, I ſhall command all the good Lads in *Eaſt-cheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; & when you breathe in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his own Language during my life. I will tell thee, *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but ſweet *Ned*, to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an underskinker, one that never ſpake other *Engliſh* in his life, then 8 ſhillings, and 6 pence, and *You are welcome*, with this ſhrill addition, *Anon anon ſir, Skore a pint of Baſtard in the halfmoon*, or ſo. But *Ned*, to drive away time til *Falſtaffe* come, I prethee doe thou ſtand in ſome by-roome, while I queſtion my puny Drawer to what end he have me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing, but Anon: ſtep aſide, and i'le ſhew thee a preſent.

Poines. *Francis.*

Prince. Thou art perfect. *Poines.* *Francis.*

Fran. Anon, anon ſir; looke down into the pomegranat, *Ralfe*

 Prince.